

Editorial

(Continued from page one).

the Bible. Whatever wrong may exist in the act it was recognized long before the Bible books were ever penned. It existed long before Man inhabited the earth. The attachment of the male for one female is the common property of animals and battles are fought every day, in the air, on the earth and in the waters under the earth. The principle is not inherent with man alone but attaches to every organism in the universe.

It was not any particular system of marriage, but marriage itself, that the Blade defends. Any system of marriage, contractual or otherwise, that is capable of preserving the home, will satisfy the fastidious fancies of the Blade, while any system that would tend to destroy the home will ever find the Blade an ardent foe.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that free love, so-called, was the proper caper, what would be the result? John Henry would meet Sarah Jane. They would become enamored of each other. An affinity is struck and a domestic partnership is established. In the course of time as a result of natural law, this partnership is blessed with, say, two or three children, born of mutual love. A few more years pass by and before the children are capable of providing for themselves, John Henry suddenly discovers that he has not found his true affinity in Sarah Jane. He informs Sarah Jane of the change that has come over him and despite her pleadings he hurls it to greener fields and pastures new. For a season he remembers his paternal duties and partially provides for food and raiment for his offsprings, but he has robbed them of a father's protecting care. What does that matter to John Henry? He is minus restraint. There is nothing to compel save conscience and his possessions in that respect being rather small and ineffectual both Sarah Jane and his children soon become a mere memory. Few men entertain a desire to assume the cares and responsibilities of a ready-made family so Sarah Jane is compelled to sweat and worry because of her little ones and struggle as best she can to keep them from dying of starvation.

Now we return to John Henry and how fares it with him? Oh, he has found another affinity and he begins the process all over again and repeats it several times before he finally decides his only affinity is Self.

True, indeed, even under our present system there is too much of an indiscriminate human mating, and there are men who will abandon families and take unto themselves a multiplicity of wives. These are exceptions, however, and not the general rule. With all its faults the present system is far superior to the one above described. Free love would make of most men a John Henry and John Henry's are undesirable factors in our human life. It has been well said that love without law would make angels bluish, and the Blade readily admits that law without love would crimson the brazen brow of infamy.

The fault lies not with marriage but with our ridiculous social code which we have built around it. This fact seems to have escaped the attention of the Blade's critic. It is well to bear in mind that civilization, carrying all things with it, moves ever in a circle, and that the earliest religious cults of which we have any knowledge were grossly carnal. With some sexualism was made obligatory. Even the Christian religion had its origin in inspired adultery. It was urged in behalf of Luther's revolt that the priesthood were sexually corrupt, yet the numerous societies that sprung from the reformation became infamous because of their gross immoralities. Mormonism, the latest independent religion to practically develop, is but a synonym for sensuality. Free love would be ten thousand times worse, for with all the cults named there were some restraints on human passion, but in this every barrier would be removed. The John Henry's would reap their harvest of desire and leave incalculable suffering behind them.

And what would you have the Blade say anent the case of the State of Washington vs. Beebe, friend Stone? Would'st thou have the Blade condemn the wrong done by Beebe or commend the "property right in woman" suggested by the Seattle jurist? Nay! Nay! Beebe had no right to kill or attempt to kill McDonald for what Beebe has in all probability duplicated, or would duplicate if given an opportunity under like conditions. However much we may commend continence in woman the doctrine does violence to the law of man's being. In this respect woman is superior to man and man makes her superior by demanding that she be better than he is. Since the very dawn of civilization woman's virtue has constituted her principal charm. Destroy it by tearing down the barriers and the home is gone with all its sweet and sacred memories and lust runs riot in the blood. The opinion of the Judge quoted by friend Stone is not good morals or good law for it tends to relieve woman of the responsibility of protecting her personal honor and purity. Such law would place the life of the average Seattle citizen at the mercy of a designing harlot. We condemn Solomon for his concubines, David for dallying in the boudoir of Bathsheba, and yet free love advocates would provide for a similar arrangement provided man be content with one wife at a time. When lustful license reigns supreme the social heart will die a natural death.

Never since the day old Pharaoh is said to have oppressed God's chosen people have those who toil been so stupified by plutocracy as in this American republic. Worse still many assist in forging the chains that hold them in industrial bondage. Every dollar of concentrated wealth has been coined from the life blood of labor and the modern Mokka still compels the weary grind.

SOCIALISM IN EUROPE

The student and advocate of socialism can find much to interest them in the statement recently made in the British House of Lords, by Sir John Lubbock, the famous naturalist, now known as Lord Avebury, when in a speech on the issue of disarmament he referred to the "social unrest" of Europe. The phrase becomes all the more impressive could one read the context, and then with the knowledge that the speaker is regarded as one of the most conservative thinkers in Britain, it assumes even greater force than if coming from one who could be designated as an agitator or a demagogue.

Sir John Lubbock is readily admitted to be one of the most sagacious observers of social phenomena in any country and his remarkable utterance is said to have produced on effect that was sensational and startling even in such a legislative chamber that rarely responds to alarmist sentiments.

He declared, cautiously, yet solemnly, that the ruling classes of Europe "could no longer blind themselves to the fact that the condition of the working classes was becoming intolerable," and he then cited as confirmatory of his judgment, "the spread of Socialism everywhere," and "the continuous rise of anarchy" in parts of the world. As he speaks from the viewpoint of British liberalism he will not be charged with a lack of sympathy with the democratic movement. He has been one of the most consistent champions of the right of labor and of the duty of capital to give labor a larger share in the rewards of industry.

Proceeding with his talk Sir John Lubbock pointed out that the enormous outlay upon armament was one of the prime causes of popular discontent, whatever the expression may indicate, socialistic and anarchistic. As to this differentiation opinions may widely differ, but his very allusion to either socialism or anarchy in the staid, old House of Lords, hereditary legislators against which the radicals of England have long been in rebellion, is a departure that is entirely new and one of the greatest significance in the economic world of thought.

Leaving England and turning attention to the most progressive of the continental powers one may readily see the force of Sir John Lubbock's remarks upon the spread of socialism. The victory of the Sarrien-Clemenceau program in the French elections is a victory for socialism although not so distinct as the socialistic victories of Germany. The advance of socialism in Germany is even more striking for as a rule the German socialist has been compelled to fight his way, to contest every inch of the ground, against a strongly entrenched imperialism, while the French socialist has enjoyed the assistance and help of institutions that are both in theory and practice republican.

All this is encouraging to the advocates of socialism and it demonstrates the power that lies in a well concentrated plan of organization. Would that Freethinkers could as successfully organize to throw off the yoke of the church from the American government.

WHAT MANNER OF MEN ARE YE?

Who asks this question? A sordid, ignorant, brutal and religious-soaked world. It is asked of every man and woman who refuse to bend the knee and bow the head in solemn submission to priestly authority. The mob on the side of Calvary hill, pointing to Christ, mistaken upon his mission as he might have been, cried "Crucify him." Today the crucifixion tree has lost its power to terrify and coerce. All that the rabble can do in these days is to point their fingers at men of intellect and impute false motives by asking "What manner of men are ye?"

Would the world know the true answer. Could it intelligently understand an answer were one given. Those interested may find much in the following editorial paragraph on the death of the late Captain Henry, from the Sun-Sentinel, of Winchester, Ky.:

CAPT. HENRY DEAD.

Captain William Henry, my friend of thirty years, is no more. He was sixty-six years of age and an ex-Confederate soldier. He was a man of the strongest personality of any that I have ever known. A distinctive character, one whose motives were never questioned and whose word was not doubted. His character was above reproach. He was of the highest type of Kentucky manhood. He was the husband of Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, who is known to our readers through her valuable contributions to the Sun-Sentinel. They had but one child, Fred, a young man that was making a reputation in the literary world. He was killed in a railroad accident.

Captain Henry was an Agnostic. He did not believe in religion, but who of those that knew him will say that he was not a better man than thousands that profess religion. About the hereafter I don't know. I only know that my friend is dead.

Freethought insists that it is far more important that mankind should make the most that is possible out of this world. This is the only world we know of. We came not here by our own consent but were thrust into it by a higher force than ourselves among conditions and environments ready made for us. Christianity demands that we ignore this world and simply acknowledge a fixed opinion anent the next. Suppose there is no next! What are those opinions worth? Suppose there is! Is your opinion the correct one? If there be a God and he had intended that we should all accept Christ he would have furnished us with stronger pegs upon which to hang our faith. If he had really intended that the Bible should stand for all time as his infallible word he would never have left it for so many centuries to the scheming manipulation of fallible men. This may not be acceptable reasoning but it certainly looks that way.

FROM GOD'S OWN POINT OF VIEW

Discriptive of What His Thoughts Must Be as He Looks Upon This Struggling World. Reflections Upon the Result of His Handiwork.

(From London Freethinker)

"Has this God sense? Not always. He creates his own enemies and plots against himself. Nothing lives except in accordance with his will."—Ingersoll.

"...he arranged everything himself, and brought everything to pass just as he had predestined it an eternity before the world was."—Ingersoll.

I am for before Time did I exist. Here, alone in my superb isolation, for millions on millions of years have I looked down from this topmost height of autocracy and power on the creatures of my own conception, on the beings of my own creation.

What I am I know not, because there is none to analyse my being. Does the toy of a man's manufacture know what are its maker's attributes? Does a man of himself know what he is, except as he sees in others the reflection of his own ego?

And there is none to analyse or reflect my being.

Alone, in utter, absolute solitude—alone for ever; and in the myriads of ages that have passed in the millions of worlds around, peopled by the numberless puppets of my mind, I look for that pastime, that amusement, that I may find in unravelling the skeins I have myself entangled watching the working out to their miserable ends of the sordid destinies I have shaped.

And ever from my worlds come up to me cries of bitter agony; wild, fierce, ragged laughter; anon a smile of temporary peace and happiness, so soon to be dashed with the tears of distress and grief.

And these puppets of my will, this spawn of my desire, these pigmies created by me to dance a jig called life for my own pleasure, dare to say I am unjust—I who gave them being, I who made them what they are, I who placed them where they are for the good and wise purpose of my own glorification.

Let them suffer. Let their blood pour out in rivers and their ghastly faces twist and writhe and sweat in their agony of being. What is it to me? Have I not the right to make laws for them, and make it impossible for them to keep those laws, and so merit the punishment I have prepared for them in consequence?

Why should they murmur? Is it not I who have done this thing, and will not the God of all the worlds do right?—nay, can I do wrong?

But how can they understand who are not gods and—only have to suffer.

Listen, my people, and I will show you my point of view. I will pick out for you some of the threads running over my mighty loom. What matter if they suffer with the senses I have given them, if they become bruised and frayed in the weaving? Is it not for my great pleasure and glory, and are they not mine? for I made them.

There, on that orb called Earth, where now the first faint blush of light that heralds the coming dawn begins to shine—there, where the erstwhile pure white snow is now trampled, bloodstained and dirty, round the camp of two hostile forces. See where yonder I have made the land to dip into a hollow, out of sight of both camps. There lies one of my creatures. Yesterday he was wounded, and crawled thus far. Farther he will never get, for when the time arrives that shall bring to pass what my creature man calls daybreak he will die.

Yes, at daybreak his soul shall leave his physical being, to begin his period of hopeless, eternal, absolute agony.

During the twenty-six years since I sent him into the world to do what I required of him I have kept him so fully occupied with other things, "toiling for the bread which perisheth," and sleeping the sleep of the fated, toil-worn laborer, that he has never even thought of me.

I, the omnipotent, decreed that he should not, and he has therefore broken my law. He never believed, therefore how could he be saved from the punishment I have prepared for him?

Twenty-six years has he broken my laws by doing what I have decreed in my own inscrutable mind he should do, and now shall he be punished by enduring for all eternity the utmost agony of which I have made him capable. This I do out of my love, and for mine own great glory.

See, he writhes. That is because I have given him nerves sensitive to pain. Now he tries to rise. Ah! why struggle, my puny puppet? There, at daybreak you are to die. But this you do not know, for I, with a good

and wise purpose, have ridden the future from human ken. But have I not given you the hope—a hope that springs eternal so long as life shall last—hope, that you may be tempted to prolong your agony to the utmost limit of my loving decree?

Ah! Does the torture get too much for your endurance? Do you struggle? Do you clasp your hands in mute prayer to—you know not what? Do you wish to be released from present agony, not knowing that the tortures of the damned soul are keener, fiercer, and more excruciatingly intense than physical being can possibly endure?

Nay, nay. At daybreak, I have spoken. Ah! Is the physical pain for the moment less keen? Then you will suffer, the more intensely mentally.

Do you remember the sweet girl-wife you have left behind with the tiny babes?—only two, but each is capable of suffering as much as you can—perhaps more. And your death means certain suffering to them?

Do you see the dear one grown old in your absence—old with want and care; the little ones pining away in starvation; and the mother, because she loves them, hungry and cold with their hunger and shivering; and she feels thus through her love for them because it is only the love of the human, not a godlike love like mine, that cannot feel the pain that others feel; for have I not made that pain?

Yes, think of them as you saw them last. She, full-eyed and trembling at the garden gate, wistful and drawn of face, in the agony of parting. The little ones, as their eyes sparkled and laughed in the sunlight that golden afternoon, not knowing what I had designed for them.

Ah! think of them now, and the sweat pours down your pallid, blood-stained cheeks, at the thought of what their future may be. Rest, fool. I shall see that they drain their cups to the uttermost dregs.

Ah! has the pain come back, and you grip the earth in your wild intensity of feeling? No thought of aught else now. "Let me die," you say. Nay, not yet. At daybreak—Have I not said so?

Do you not know that there are millions of tragedies going on in your world alone as great as yours?

Why should you, puny creature, me to alter the unalterable for the sake of sparing you a pang or two, more or less?

You curse the rain and him who caused it. Know you not you curse the mighty God? Know you not that you curse me, the Maker and Destroyer of everything, and that I will requite of you, for that curse, a full requital of pain and suffering that shall run round and round the cycle of eternity?

G. D.

SOME CRITICISMS OF ROYAL ROUNDERS

What an American Woman Thinks of the Spanish Spendthrifts and Points With Suggestions to What Goes on at Home.

(By HARRIET M. CLOSZ).

This is a very much overworked subject just at present and I have no excuse for further inflicting it except that it may show something of our own situation even in the United States.

The King of Spain has taken unto himself a wife much as was done in patriarchal times. The female was selected by the parents or rulers and the husband elect took her, whether she wished to be taken or not.

This bridal couple seem to have begun a strenuous experience sooner than some others, since a bomb-bearer threw a bouquet into the midst of the procession and Madrid is ablaze with the cry of Anarchism.

Now of course, no one with judgment approves of bomb-throwing. The death of a King increases the burdens of the poor more than one retaining a permanent place, for it only means the coronation of another ruler together with the expense incidental to such ceremonials and the possible extravagance of innovations introduced by the incoming monarch.

But let me ask in all candor if, after viewing the two mile wedding procession of state carriages and knights and soldiers and regal costumes and carpeted walks and flowers strewn pavements—after feasting the eyes upon the four hundred gorgeous robes in the trousseau and the priceless jewels and bride's presents after inspecting the half dozen royal palaces with the accumulated wealth and grandeur of past centuries together with the pleasure resorts and palaces of recreation devoted exclusively to royalty—after viewing on one hand this marvelous magnificence, this sumptuous extravagance and on the other hand the starving struggling ignorant masses of the Spanish people, is it to be expected that minds will retain composure and yet make no outward sign while pressing the poisonous asp

more closely to the bosom. Spain is financially impoverished but her church treasure is the richest in the world and is constantly accumulating. During the Spanish-American War some irreverent though religious renegade suggested that one of the many churches be denuded of its paintings and statuary and costly robes and jewels and gold and silver and the same converted into money to wage Christian warfare. One church, mind you, and that was to furnish the sinews for a year, but a noisy howl rent the heavens and the churches retain possession of bullions of treasure and the poor simple Spanish subjects continue to contribute to the mountain of money while starving and shelterless.

As kings average, I think Alfonso a reasonably sensible boy for he was threatened with the insane asylum treatment some time ago because of his independent ideas. A king of himself can do very little and the work of reform and regeneration must be done by the people. The priests and princes are not going to relinquish either rulership or religion as long as they can retain a riotous living.

And after all, are not we in America destined to a similar fate before our nation has grown half as old as the Spanish government?

In every metropolis of America costly churches occupy the street corners while their supporters inhabit the hovels.

Church contributions must continue though but a crust remains to the giver. The regal residences of the rich point the way to the beggar in the basement. The sumptuous splendor of State occasions rivals the functions of Royal Rounders, and widens the chasm between the classes. The finely finished fabrics furnished to society's favorites make cheaper and coarser and sadder the clothing of the worker. The blazing ballroom and jewel-bedecked belle represents suffering and servitude for the scheduled producer. The mad methods of militarism makes fiends of our rulers, fanatics of their supporters and fools of their victims. The manna for money-making by whatever means, immolates integrity, crushes conscience and lins character.

Can a nation with a vitiated vitality induced by villany and voluptuousness, by base and excess, by debauchery and dissipation—coupled with the great horde of hungry toilers, the millions of outcasts and mendicants and the potent plodding burden bearers—can a nation under these conditions long survive?

Is there any parallel between the adulation of Americans for anocracy and the Spanish subservience of aristocracy? Is there any similarity of expense between United States' fleets and the submerged Spanish Armada? Any comparison of our clean-shaven citizen-soldiers and the once invincible vanguard of Castilian camps? Is there a warning in the condition of Spain's once opulent, but now exhausted, exchequer that may indicate for us the impending peril of excessively extravagant taxation?

In this princely wedding, pageant of the Spanish rulers is a prophetic and pathetic picture. As a plant in dying often flings forth its most flaming florid, so Spain has dazzled the world at the door of rational death. All the frenzy of bespangled parade is only the evanescent brilliance of the bubble before its bursting.

Is there a hand-writing on the wall for us? What is the message? Who shall interpret it?

"This is the moral of all human tales: 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past—first freedom, and then glory; when that fails, wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last; and history but one page."

Webster City, Ia. June 5, 1906.

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